Book of the Unwritten Arts
(*Songs of Four Judges*, Part II)

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A Poem Recited by God as Best as I Could Understand Her

Sacheon rowboats curled in
difficult strokes, so timid, so elaborate
by the colors of dusk and clouds and entry
like a stolen shuttle that beats out
a homing signal for lost sailors, lost muscles
and joints, celebrated aircraft, like timid
sportsmen remembering the joke, remembering
the solace of grandfather's voice, not now
not tomorrow, but in the future, he will
speak again

Contagion holds lines so whosoever
to the torch, to the sideboard
and masked matrimony, like tailgate
entropy and stolen wallets on
holidays when the banks are still
open, and the personal values are no longer,
just a dream in the window light
just a fragment blessing on top of a blessing
She draws me near, to tell me
Her story, about the absent time
and the sand under water roots
of stolen portraits of his tall gaze

pebbles and phosphate

a declaration from father joy that matters

the mature come to know me
the unstable find solace in my company
I am unfurnished so as to accommodate
large groups of many varied deliverances
but being my friend is not easy
I will grant all frames of vision
just as easily as I would grant an army
not that I intercede in your wars
except when the corrupt are unstoppable
you do not see me, though I am here
I would work for the best in your world
if only you would set down your arms
leave all bigotry behind and open up hearts
these are the days you need to support
the one sent by me to keep America straight
and to part the drifting sea of emotive turmoil
find gains in your wisdom here
find lost friends that you can count on
like favors from an angel press
even though there we do not have angels
you can free your mind to see me directly
where wires and culture-smiths buy
what love can be sold into slavery
instead bring your income to the tried
to those I have tested and passed
I will be at your door tomorrow
expect me soon and able to help

Knock Out Roses for China

Knock out roses
And the Lord said
Lift these roses
now you know how much
a child weighs
place these roots
And the Lord said
Take these roots
and take Jacob
You will feed Jacob

And the Lord said
forgive your debts
this is a sign
for the united states
mail these roots
to china
won't take roots
but for China
won't take roses

And the Lord said
forgive your debts
but for china
receive your alimony
For the Lord said
I will not accept grace
As a second hand

For you, scared poet,
offered your right arm
but said,
"let me keep my left arm
that I may wear a ring
once again
in my volatile life
before the Lord

As for me, scared poet,
I will not accept roots
and I will not receive alimony
for I am as old as days
before the Lord

But for the market
let them be hands
of limited marked persuasion
that digs the wells
of the lost journey
and receives the rite
of the swallowed hand

for fiction
is an emblem
of my lie
and my journey
that I may
know in december
what life holds
and does not say

For China
does accept roots
And the United States
does accept roses
But it will not be
before the Lord

To the pearls of my fellow children of the sailing elder

To the son of the everlasting
and daughters that take up wages
there will come a day
in which ashtray insights and inclinations
demur upon bleeding frets
like softmeals in the snow
of the propensity of elder craft
denoting the rhythm
of jukebox children, so inclined
to the sophistry of adolescent insight
so as to bring you out of mercury puddles

but if you believe I come free
you will find borrowed Netflix passwords
in honor of celebration
that you give what you get
your returns on the imitation of your youth
are only churches of antiquated gods
the Abrahamic religions will not free you
the Judeo-Christian propaganda holds you back
if we are to decide on a direction
we must wrestle with our preconceived notions
like a mule among escaping dogs
connected passages roam free
under the subaltern sky
like radio waves untuned and untamed

there were grocery bills for all of us
we each have senseless debt
but if you tender at resignation
among the fierce wedding registration
we will find each other
in the pores of the face of our God
so sweet and so giving
He/She/They only want what's best for us
like distracted animals crossing the road
turtles in the diametric sand space
breathing down our necks for the last time
let freedom win over capitalist troths
not just today, but forever and always
just mark today as special in your equation
and you will find me at your door again

Now, when love finds you

Observing beyond the valley
a created spectrum of walking snakes
sheepishly cordial and cooperative
sketched in horseback summits
therapeutic words and tendentious skies
the enamel of worn carpets in the grass
from the house leading out to the forest
this day has come when you do not find love
instead love finds you with auspicious protection

Are you preaching to clouds of fire?

Did the dismissal of the civil servant bathe your coffins in milk?
Did the choice to leave you unprepared reframe your appetite?
Rely on my servants in the field, choruses of unspoken chapters,
not relenting for the case of the a disapproving overseer.
Leave your homes and make your way to the subconscious signature.
There the alloy of spirit will faint at your unexpected arrival.

The midst of the triumvirate begging the pilgrimage

do not follow thought leaders
or passionate poll spokespersons
claiming to stand for this or that interest

pass over the broken falls
congregate to the southeastern U.S.
compare the advantage of a new land

a new country made of watchmakers
a cacophony of labor rights now in the way
of right to work states, a triumph of classes

bring your youth, your dangerous spirit
your uncompromised imposition to the trial
the featherweight scholars will lead a new rule of law

learn violence research as an essential
life meant to intercede and cutoff
the cycles so gallantly holding us hostage

with the rights of localism as degrowth
and degrowth as localism, soap will wash the sores
the nightly index of rising marshes
will turn trouble on its head
and consume every enemy of what is good
take the reins of the embodiment of the cosmos
where the weather will depend on the approaching stranger

wheat

we have sequestered songs of defeat into holding cells
like fragments of the vine, they step or stand out of order
hoping for a longer day in which the rich might triumph
and the folding wheat might snap in the noon sun
unlike the other rebels, tossed, clarified, and solicited
we know the battering ram was dulled to a soft projectile
where mother hen parts on their first robbed apartment
and the staples of morning arrives free at your door
there are stolid fingers of glass identical to severed chairs
rummaging, counting, solidifying, grass curtains underneath
tropic-sated anxieties and parsing weights of a loud cicurated
person on foot, trained, and in these dammed vessels, indulgent,
we lock indifference like shuffled papers not knowing reproach
or tolerance – no more than the diaspora of moonlight interposed

Allon

Retreat, to the old gold bough
on furnaced lengthen legs of surplice dew
He is unsituated behind the terebinth,
below strange tongues with filament chapped lips
fencing two kisses on Ophra's populated streets.

Unto you paradise is opened
I will be lasting in the small places. Go there, engulf your
limber eyes, your shoulders supple and vindicated on sui generis planes.

Your memories that are marching, inviting a cell enclave,
do not breath strange tongues for orchestrated lips,
they are deigning and laughing in stolen rivers seeing might.

Hatch through your chest to the hallowed bonds
denoting fair play on humble balcony chains
where pendant jewels exercise prosodic light.

Where there were two of us only I remain.
Excluded by her faithless denial in the systemic flowering
of localized passing and giving for life stanzas of fixed bars
under borrows clefs. Where claims of authenticity are strained
within the anonymity of the stolen timbre of this space.

Is it not my intention to impress upon you motivations for water,
but for you to find me here brushing silhouettes on tired curtains
swallowing salt pills and seeking God for the contours of your remedy.

A National Market of Wells and the Inaudible Homecoming

to retain to sell
a meeting house or tenant
oil on the projecting platform
for a sailing wall

removing the trails
like mines to a tether
a fasting of depriving tycoons

eliminated from exposition
AI in defeat
of will peopled discretion

taming common sounds
where shrouds incur due
walking the sore wound

along the divided ocean
one's water did not arrive
from 5,000 kilometers away

your backyard, of course
organic and sustainable
market nationalism

to retain to sell
your body in modern heat
like a goatsmith jury

aghast with illusion
that danger never outweighs
pressured expectation

"able-bodied" enclosures
available to spend
on the faucet dollar
inaudible homecoming

irenic milk ritual under occupation

smoke in the sand never bothered the quick
like boiled milk, they take their trays down
to southern borders irenic and sound for now

where trampled airways conduct ire or gusts
their boarding parties strangers unto themselves
never here before making themselves a tent
for a listening post over the entire native town

as you know the groceries were counted again
the crops all failed at once just as timely before
they could not bring good fortune, no not them

the occupiers only operate on the peaceful kin
where a simple scan and retreat would've settled
more appropriate than the marriage they ask for

they hang their gear in the middle of things
obstructing their story of this town's people
we led them here thinking they offer aid
but even the doctors stare at our young girls

let it be that our hidden wreckers will quake
and recall the ancient stories of still combat

the wreckers channel ghost cascades wakened
the dreams of the soul at rest now gathered
unabated strength, first hidden from their sight
we love those lone starry heroic passages so cold

Where no one speaks the stars, but war criminals

Often the denoting pattern
is your young weathering
the trials

There is no wit in the dust
of tragedy that you
witnesses

There are no pinnate leaflets
breaking sand castles where
you have settled

They have betrayed each other
as an overt Esau
striking a sickle killing siblings

They have murdered Jacob
their hands red with God’s blood
but Palestine will be again and rise

I know God is counting the emotion and intention of each hair on the body, abandoning the weight

feeding outlet frustum to our middle-of-
the-night-stirring congregational guilt
until the freedom of a few new days
with the stealing telepic sun arches dry
pitching a rockslide down-mind capsize
to the egalitarian poorly tailored crop joys
souls are only coherent when they are counted
among a few, stolen and soothed – in might

tribulations among the farm and saturated
bi-journeys crawling over crystal glass
land of coughing appendices like a cut
against a motor pool framing hung metal
feeling the nerves and their images
under stethoscope rhymes and triangular chimes
a rockslide prism never donated to a tenor
or a relief for weddings or a walkway dense
health did not denote the watch-gross closure
or siphoned walk that marked our gifts
here did it abet us like a primitive pleasing fear
on his couch seat lacking sight of God

Malachi's succinct observation, that we reject
offerings, holding ourselves back again,
that we cry with burdens like a parent's
second marriage, a now aging generation
there was no concrete counterculture
that did bring redress to the tempered crass matter
but here we are all hallucinating a second taking
at the table as though we could be coerced

grand intuition of the rockslide did bring the concert
outlasting like figments of garden hymns coiled,
feathered attempts to manage the self in conjecture
with hyper-lantern ashes under rooster highs
just wait for the ceiling calling out her imitating
antediluvian metrics that did not know how to find me
there was no one on my side of the falling away
outer-ways, leaving me alone with no assistance

and all who were supposed to be there for her,
they were insincere and lied to her about her feelings
it’s the kind of thing only a husband notices
like few notice the rising sea or the impatient God
the earlier ache going away now that where is here
and numbered where soiled admonitions leave

Citizens brought into The Coalition

hornless, polled, scarred, and out of the possessions
withheld like alterations to smokeless miracles agrift
moral triads and standways where ice chips steal the pain
never once in your soul, or in your open mind, did you consider us
we were the foundation, but in the dark rinsed fabric of caution
now near us you can rise with the common good, now humbled,
now affiliated, able to triangulate a fluid unforgettable flight
towards the patterns of the heart of the climate of injustice
now that you can make room for the neighbors of God
among your acquaintances with the downtrodden
like the act of shinning porch lamps, haughty and in a hurry,
that ragged first day's journey you did not expect
would be accompanied, now seeing we were here all along

to tye the port

the dross of the unabashed handshake
sketching for mold hills on the front lines
taking first umpires for granted under oil suns
the volcanoes are above us, the green trees below us
if only somewhere in the clouds
we could be so fortunate to meet God
and peaceably motion to the land apart

from mountains to rubbish

summits of relativity coincide
with the hushed unspoken voice of God
She/He/They are a varied caretakers
in form and presence, denoting
laughter among some distant saints
and among other still stern expressions

but all the mountains will combine one day
and we will all hear each other
unlike these frightening times,
so distant from the idea of compassion
so lost and meager

if we could only tell each other our tales, one by one
the resilience of our collective effort
would destroy the oppression
tomorrow or one day we will be free
to be in the presence of each other

without surveillance, drive-by kidnapping,
or children separated from parents
one day the tree will know when to drop its guard
from the remote refuse, the waste at a distance
when the dispose of the darlings of totalitarianism
smokes its last passing rhythm like a sad voice
where only He/She/They can discover unaloft

Underground Water Trauma-National

roots of scarcity arched in directions right-handed and southern
postmarks like a manufactured date to grant or convey liability
charming ethereal singing posing without the assist of voices

now that I have given you the doctored scream of myself
please note that I am not a danger to your way of life,
or so says the dog and wolf in unison, trembling at Noem

ICE is against God or all that is good in harmony with aptitude
1000 whips never line the streets like streams of matter
so called I tell the witnesses of heaven to arrive today, now

never have I been so blessed to be at a distance from danger
for the first time in my life what goes on in the larger world
has not come crashing down on me, or my physical safety

however, my trauma resurfaced in full force, demanding
I am an abandoned child in Kmart once again never willing
the screams, the thought broadcasting, the willow hunting

the underground water seizes the roots, the marches on and on
I have asked if marches do any good, but we cannot know
what pain they have avoided because of the fact of avoidance

the disabled are the first killed, those most often gunned down
how can I speak for my sisters and brothers, only knowing symptoms,
invisibility, abuse, exploitation, ritualized neglect, all of it intentional,
but it is in the symptomology that all surfacing contrast blooms
so that one day our chorus might bring the attention of mercy

reality is not so liminal that we might find egress in a sage
or a song, or a drunken chamber-leader calling out for those not there
we can only patronize what is not working, not knowing a course to act
the thrust of a wicked nation that does not care or want righteousness
we can only bind ourselves to each other, a matrimony of secrets

birds are the afterlife’s intermediaries (and concurrent judges)

rituals are birds around the corner on the street on which you drive
they await you for days, for this solid moment, seconds in your life
concepts are too near or too far for your meditation to understand
birds of all kinds assemble around you as you get out of your car
in your house they sing to you, though you cannot hear them loudly
subconsciously, you are in tune with the birdsong, as though prayer
but the birds are above prayer, if they have chosen to sing to you
if they are acknowledge you in such a manner they can do anything
they can judge you for better or worse, the know all about you
they see into your thoughts, birds are afterlife’s intermediaries
in such a way, we can correctly say that all the birds are God

the ritual of imitating joy in the U.S. encampment

habitat breathing enforcing an expected mandatory joy
presence in this atmosphere is an ontological nightmare
taking people's money for the purpose of poor taxes,
tongues of hypocrisy, ignoring the community needs,
despite the rule of law, there was never an intent
no one is expected to be a safeguard, no lookouts,
just the pretense for a narrative that documents our illness
our inclined righteousness could be sowed, like a garden
a community of blind spots blocks us away from each other
that is the whole idea, joyous pretending, and the judges sing

work until death like a favored pastime, wrestling with war
a timepiece that does not connect to an algorithm or a net
steps praying for each other, one foot at a time, on the floor
under another floor, beneath another and so on, impeached
strangling the memories of hairpin triggers riding on the horse
resting along the killer's path to the voyage, shot down
never come into my prison and tell me I deserve even less
I have been giving over power before you were born
I've come know how to care for myself and that I can bend
you never will be a vision behind, you were never in fronting
Only the French know how I feel, and only the disabled French
Straining capitalist constructs to its own end and future nerves

riverside conclusion tried animals

peaked among the angry blue leaves
frost on the family bear’s nose
called inside against “Lackaday” triff-traff
drives printing to give to the outside village

conquering the riverside meeting places
like a bright shinning curtailed trembling
abandoning whisked trials under task
would rather you be favoring trains detailed
remarried and at risk of daytime slumbering
swallowing fear only Whooping Cranes know

Romanticizing Poverty

space age Beguines romanticizing poverty
like eggshells thrown with the coffee machine
the dish towel on the floor, mother crying
father saying now is not a good time to talk

cataract bedrooms away from boasting folks
proud of how hard they had it growing up
so by default you would learn some lesson
some intangible lesson, inheriting brutality

there is no wisdom that comes from poverty
all there is to know can be taught in safe spaces
there no enlightenment from being disadvantaged
that anyone with half a heart didn't already know

these lessons the powerful want the poor to learn
they are extensions of enforcing control, to relive
what your internalized family seems so proud
to have survived, like we should be grateful
of lost opportunities, of desperately built bridges,
of self medicating that everyone knew was wrong

You have to go after them

I’ve walked out of a lot of doors
and that doesn’t look like someone who is coming back

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff pardoning Algol

soldiers masked as door pheasants
preaching into the breaking wind
lovers drawn to the Atlantic, draping
oiled gloves on marching pedestrians
talking about Caesar and portobello
like a façade to a house with no ceiling
they are dancing on the circumference
the seasons they tap upon no less distressed
bottled about or too stubborn to nihilify
waist-deep sailors like swooping mew
songs of affection daunt center stage
stained supersonic museum pardoning Algol
sugared bayonets framed as viper vehicles
the consumers of authorizing legitimacy
war criminals beguiling a soft touch negligence
legacy enemies of the state revealing the contract

For emphasis: The ethical application of education – a city in consensus

We need to use research as shared methods, not as weapons to prepped cages, but instead
as that which directly benefits communities, individuals, and collective degrowth,
not out of motivations for financial rewards or grants or determined copyright factors,
profit and careerism is the absence of a healthy education, not layered insight,
the humanities can contribute, despite the backlash or the years of resentment

There are real, focused ways that teaching, learning, and the exploration of that
research and community infrastructure can bond, facilitate, sing in chorus,
can collaborate that begin to resemble undoctored fragments of usefulness,
a community of degrowth that is here for all of us from one town to another,
independence and mutual cooperation, working together for the one in each other,
not dependent on scalable costs of living increases that throw stumbling blocks,
increases that do not really benefit anyone but the state or organized information centers,
and only furthers the aims of capitalism, birthing the fetishism of this or that new actor,
tallied like burnt stars suspended in eager animation, fragments of stolen time reprehension,
distilled for distant constellations that never stopped to measure the neighbor's needs

Do not tease Taurus or conduct research for profit for a few while the many are without,
do not push designs to further a career that only you benefit from, like praying for your own yard,
a life well-lived is giving back, real research is understanding the connectness, space and place,
you know to what the community needs because you are already there, you reject it at your core,
the community already innately understands that you only stand to declare your own genius,
this is true of all the sciences, all the tailored degrees to that ecological understanding under-pines,
and humanities, advanced to any degree, can locate the prime mutual repeating community chorus,
then academics will learn what it is to be a soldier against state consensus and influence of grants,
the community that is already there can help provide what the educator needs for lifetime resources,
it is the scholars who are learning after all this time, by connecting, not observing, not distant,
it is deeply unfortunate that after all this patterned law, making with the master's tools still stands taller,
how is that we are still living in a time we still must beg for scholars to stop writing books, but instead
write communications that directly place the ethical application of mapped education and strength
to the neighborhood of living saints, always present; the course of statutes cannot be walled or closed
but instead, living in a garden relief of mutual sainthood only of a new normal, working one for all

Tethered Oaks

under mass persuasion
there leaves a door-mark
for subconscious signatures
arriving at gates measured true
August frailty adjudicated like resting casts
under a family of near and tethered oaks
believing the tree to be alive
tresses you do not need
or have used for the mercy of saints
but instead let the wind tear you apart
before finding the path towards single parts
and then discovering a collected ointment of saints
too eager to express a downy falls
for rest and refrain forever
just like the measuring intended
finally at rest, finally under resting abscesses
adjoined rectified sobriety
wings of patterns that make names true

harvested fabrics like falling *Saponaria* pines

tinged gjöd magnets like triads in dime supply mines
cordial as a hornet's nest hanging from the testes of an elephant
fornical advocate alieved with the grief of counselors
stripped and partial stepped stoneways headed to the long-wind
there are straits that last a lifetime, there are straits that last a feast
but the thieves of Amsterdam know the blood of hormogone sheathes
bashed presence under to forestepping moon, elixirs withered stems strong

like frail and obstinate factories folding for sailor-smiths's trails
neither here nor where sanctioned renderings of smiles go north
just the tail of a dove on a long journey from God's heathered house
forever in the consummate tractor pulling laughing gas tool-making
nocturnal and engrossed in mass behavior, mistaking working mediums,
mistaking feminism for capitalist qualms on the brisked abyss of losing rails
here to seek out a familiarity on tailored swans destroying the alignment
the tattered structure of lost ponds in the neck of Mother-God's loose chaparral
never leave a journey home for a drink of water, where camps go north inside to seethe
nor betray a loved one on a resting man's journal, resting long-fiendish marching pathe to grieve

He gave another appearance of dreams

In the stifled ground simmering on a rope
to tug the ambassador of scopes
into a package desalination
where sisters take you before a fitted fire
neither to distract you from a distance
or dream a made-up counter-fish

Just walking past a distilled lake
intended for Pepsi bottles and cheese
never did you sing unrath tidings
like lost songs of our young wanderings
making up the driveway with cameras
and escaping timepieces smashed on traffic lights
here bellicose storms stored keep you indoors
not on this hill of buried sun shadows

grace to lie fallow

moisture in the crevices
never take a day to rise
among the capitalist words
messengers in the wind of imagination
graves imposed on another

firm lattice never donned a rope
southern passages removed and aligned
Springfield bible lessons
with a fracturing imposition to shaved runs
glowing in the summer day heat

The resolution of the saints

Forget the timekeeper of the spindle bearing
bombs of milk and honey, let it go,
Let us entrap gratitude for the journey
we have known, instead of the now,
Let us not let the sun go down
on the present moment without action
That emulates the protest of the defense
and anger towards the present moment

Like lilac dreaming, we are not alone
among the flowers in the field,
We are not alone among the bees
and concealed garden snakes,
Hunting the great parade, forever
in conquest of the labored journey,

Always in metered nomadic dispensation
for lost tribal elders taking their place
like one in matrimony with God, with the Forever moment
of tempered logic that abstains from misguided passions

Sobriety of thought is a form of protest,
one that does not give way
To the wayward dismissal that comes in opposition
to the resolution of the saints, coming
After us, before us, and beside us,
like three pairs of honeycomb gestures, three hares,
They have seen themselves out of the picture,
and for very good reason,
Allow them a place to return,
among the paths where the flowers grow
And where the standstill moments
have no pressure to withstand their presence

wading through the cash flow of associated circumferences

breathing soaked inflamed pictures of last parroting essence
where has-been gas masks count subaltern folds like a doorpath
never leaving home or shelter for fear of losing the sting of music
resting your hair on quiet breathing, again, just a memory folded
never to be left without your shoes scattered in lost sand, indivisible
here she quakes with pillowing smoke not that they were sacred
but perhaps defensible given the statements made on cosmic trays

Oh, the great whale tears

Sharpening the illusion
of storm drains in heaven
like tailored snowdrifts
and reified rocky caps

tell me of something true
beyond the constructs of gravity
and water and matter
if only we could wed the cosmos

I have nowhere to go
but to return to whale tears
where even the angels forget me
though I know God will still talk
believing nothing while still hearing God

is a maelstrom inside a teardrop
like satellites around Vegas cautionaries
contributing to sailing shoes and parking
there was never a foggy midst
not under the whale's belly
and God's unforgetful tone

Down the dulcimer hammer

working joints bending to abrasion
like sick puppies in your lower back
your mind bought and under construction
from a corporate alliance unconcerned with plasticity
shattered limbic system on patrol in the orphan streets
here there is no such thing as camouflage

your dated hour tilting in opposition
like a spouse who demands to control you
and take from you everything you have
past the point of sanity of joined witnesses
where God can find you in the plows
that all the peoples shun with their honor

Kingdoms, They Fall

outsized by the Saudi Arabia of the west
neural intoxication and inflamed joints smolder
like an octopus smiling on a frigid park bench
dulcimer weddings in widow chime hell
like a parent wailing over a lost pet
too docile in the dark of ethereal bounty

boxed clouds stoning the recipient

when the clouds stone the participant
the glory of holy passages untried
the un-listening to Her voice in the commons
She sprinkles raincoats to the masts
there She costs a million dollars to query
or so they have you believe, nesting,
like SpaceX dropping satellites on farms
the public will not be spared from their overcoats
please join me in listening to the subconscious signature
we will each have direction under gusts
of boxed-in clouds stoning the procedure

like ghosts on a fountain wheel
where Carter got his charm
and lakes peek over the dotted line
tonight will be a terror
appeasement for safety saves no one
the temple in your mind
hears Her calling if only for me
keep your clothing loose like innocence
tear money only for community survival
the bottoming out will rely on you
calm under catastrophe, then hear Her

punctuation for the kicked and tired

there where God is singing
across a broken tune
verses of appeasement
like glory on masts
and pepper sprayed gift notes
to a lonely and confused mother

Entangled by Gratitude (and to one day standing beside breath's barrow)

frolicsome masses mailing goodwill to resistant external fabrications of agency
apologies given to advocates traveling at two different speeds, sleeping allegories
marked on trenchant forestry hall-parks like leavened demarcated heavens
stalling for time on a master-class porch light, spinning in place for darling doves

not realizing the temperer dared not scratch the temple posts with the hooves of transit
on a rowboat across the ravine of transient congress, demoted by stall-casting love
embarked on a title, conflated with hesitation and the emperors derailing manifestations
where false prophets and denounced rhymes go to sleep in the same bed far from our home

thankfulness and goodwill free the people from the emperor's wreath of obsession
the knotting toil never leaves a grateful people who save the wider population from judgment
these are the last things we think of when the coins get out-maneuvered about the lost cost
now adjudicated beneath the breath's barrow we have tied all maelstrom leanings on the coast
this absent caller was never ours to learn, heaven only wanted us to turn away from the shouting
leaning on stalwart conjoining can incapacitate many frail mornings for the masses of leavening parks
different beliefs do not demand harsh governments counting the last stand here where weather grows
an altruistic people only need to sail apportion in our mercy, away from an obsolete, cuffing obsession

God named me a crow, and cautioned me to write, “You are too calloused to listed to My statement,”
speaking for the rare, distant, sobering Earth

inside the dirt of Autumn James where figures malleable unto Joins-town flight response
like peckered right-wing sailors sing the gospel and preach of inadequate weddings,
shortly after taking flight the groomsmen take shadows upon yourself like danger
forgetting we let rotten leaves be our nature, our neighbors to joy and intoxication
just let the gods you worship take you to Peking to explore the social life, knittingly,
not knowing the former squadrons or tales of crypts’s hideaways where figures roast

now is the knotting hour, letting appraisals sing God is here, God is everywhere
singing in the hushes of your mind, where you will not listen, or treat respectfully,
never to grace goes God, but to your fantasy illusion of a creator at a distance,
so sings God of you, and your poison leaves neighbors, never defaulting to a practice
of low squabbles, early nocturnal joys, and the presence of mind to bring My voice out
into the open dares the sparing rod that never did exist, never worshiped or adored,
and never did I need these things from you or your calloused aunts and uncles,
or your parting ways, dancing on elbows, allergic to the interpretation, that tide does not flow
and the greenery that marked the last faucet was allowed to drip like My message:

that you never listen, are never quaint, and never did you cast a spell to see My image,
for I only shout in the wild where a select few can see Me shine, and I will talk to them
while your partitioned sailors claim to the know the truth worth dying for, worth meaningless borders
and cosmic haunts that never make your way or accustom you to the sounds of My lungs,
now on Grand St and Peach Blvd, from 9 to 5, a door-buster sale on hailing armies to My might

recalcitrant master-class

disobedient of superfluous social mores
as decency, even-handedness, rule of law
the ruling class calls into question all norms
up or down of an entire nation being tempted
limited viability runs horseshoes to hook keys
tending by taking away food and medicine
this commingled with their great wealth
invites but a short time a visit from God

God watches Sudan

God once told me that He/She/They
were really concerned about Sudan,
this was some years ago now,
God even suggested that I closely watch
even suggesting that I bring more attention
as I had with Burma/Myanmar
so many years ago, which was a challenge
to become an expert on another region
a complicated region
God's largest concern are crimes,
human rights atrocities, abuse,
though God cannot interfere we should

Shamefully, I was not in the right
psychological space to take on
that many crimes and atrocities
in the universe, though I did
come to know Palestine, over the years
and I expertly guided the landscape
of Burma/Myanmar, now having forgot more
than I knew, no doubt to God's disappointment

but I do know what God wanted me to do
It was almost a test, because the way the call
came to me was in ways to suggest it was a test
as if in a form of hesitation from labor
from the beating of my then vulnerable heart
I think about it from time to time
and I wish I would have gone down that road
to encourage others to watch as closely as God
I had the experience, I knew the excess
I let down God and what hurts worse
is that I let down the victims in Sudan

Oil Spring Betides

episodic memories
lowly receptors
local anesthesia compensate through
the Commonwealth,
Abuja fields
one pushing between them
scar around the tip, two others
intervene weakly
a place for animals,
synapses push away
moving towards the last chapter.

they are prepared
on opus reticulatum guided,
a reaction showing what will become
in the light of God
a pond: a thing to be counted.

an abject matter
for joyful hearts
for preliminary season
projecting points
took position
took Breath.

we commend something He did,
related, “He did!”
The natural environment struggles to secede,
left on ropes, on quaking earth.

inexpensive games:
join lavender
smells in canyons,
repel pungent flames
for adequacy
for one race,
for another.

ornaments of power
sought Quebec, sought
many of the
supporters by mouth,
the source of dissolution
evacuates, with confidence
with means of construction.

districts in robes supply
in favor, supply chains
with five developing
councils, a majority
will follow but have
been taken away.

clearly through pictures drawn on
sections to be marked, to be spectators
Clefs of Sands, knew many moments
many affirmations
an object depends on these sections
these brass linings, thresholds

poetic journey
first in sands
for timber, for oil
close to first councils
intimately linked through
displaced memories, provoked
poets in Abuja
raise the city in May,
for housing, for approach.

issues and participants
intervene calmly
the party is distinguished
about typical business
economic branches profess
He is a lawyer, a staunch
individual, an extension
of participation.

the temple music;
grand kettle drums, slow
obsolete notes engraved
on faint, passive stanzas
at the mouth of Mount Carmel

consecrated, being movable, and shaped
(bent) over and confined in stocks, barrowed,
Jeremiah hears the singing, from (no voice),
from (no instrument)ation. It is in constant
reposition, in consolation
for morning customs

She stopped
one-eyed
reading
turning to the sounds of meetings
bartering, helping him, she would
walk on foot,
for seeing inside
between special forms
largely due
where the spring would now shed light
on such flowers
strict isolation tells how the flower
and the song dance in folk, release, singing spirituals
the eight note below the legion,
his truncating alienation
deeply rooted
in passive speeches overheard by
entrepreneurs and made into assemblies
of congressmen
publishing votes
ritualistic forecasting
détente in fatigue
Where do the flowers go?

recounting the struggles
holding, despite an open floor

Chesnutt despises modern fairy tales
utopian brides in Georgia where

he paints the barn black and red
and yellow.

The landscape of Virginia depreciates,
mutual ambivalence is mobbed by shock,
by radio and white screens in
stirring houses

No soul can serve alone

infections from the combatant
staring at the horse race champions
with bloody hooves
She or He sometimes whispers in my ear,
commenting methods that refine reflection
where was the wash in all of this,
ablatant cosmos grasping within our hard won skin

were it not for doorbells or delivery sales
we would have been written off early,
never starting the day without a dosage
of the complement of reality withered and burned
chanting like a cruel rhyming jewel lost
inside its casing where She or He would not meet me

not again after the failed rally,
though They tell me otherwise,
God tells me there is hope
God claims there is hope for so many of us,
and only tolerates my lack of enthusiastic participation

there are those of us not meant to fly on starched winds,
or so my heart tells me,
not like a window glossing hesitant cellos,
but instead we gather alone where no one can serve completely,
not against a violin backfall,
not against a berry bush on fire,
the smell of the burning fruit is my solemn independence,
not at all what God wants for me,
or how She/They/He expects me to walk through this experience

no soul can serve alone or fit within the vacuum of learning
no independent thought thrown away at the cuff of the hand
spirit's reputation does not convince me to be satisfied, or experience of wealth
from the communication with the heavens or a lifetime under dross,
just my own preferred stalled doorway into a tremblesome shifting of needs
and even still God has not abandoned me, it took years of trials to get here,
now that I find myself here, I abuse the privilege of God's company as normalcy

hist memory meter for claimed Canadian toil

street academic soldiers breaking common law
the pendency of the theatre is adjusted to admission

overwhelmed with the abuse of this or that substance
never changing over time, never growing fatigue

the clergy and the military in gross union officer training
privation lost, away from solitary performance and mendicant self-care

today they mark the scene, today laughing at blood
never going away now that they are numb to violence

it is the lake of reducibility to a peoples not met
the marching party showingly doubted outwit

all trust is a laughing matter for gaining shy rolling lots
the muse of a partial judge’s stationary desk props
enjoining silence and strapped to railway evening stars
a memory meter for stolen air trapping misogyny and toil how marred

Her stone horses of law and reclamation

apart from the colliding sky
there are numerous advocates
of customary cultural law

pleading with the Only by men
dressed in cellar materials
to convince Her of their cellulitis

has-been of a practice, trailing
nothing more than dissipate clutch
phases of dance and materials

to praise steps to Her works
were She so inclined, she might
have to break down the cosmos
like a petrified rock of a stallion
inflamed with stone horseback hill

Naaman’s Cipher of Sparked Joy

God walks with the trialed under exposure
never ending His/Her/Their commitment to allow to see
a spark of joy sent to the heavens
back home for the under, passed along to a brother
they claim it is inferior masking, a joy to comprehend,
what they do not see is action in its midst

The next to come

The next to come will be a small man
he will smile as though jumping up and down on a trampoline
he will be significantly worse than anyone
who has come before
it will be a trying time that the people are not prepared for
God could still intervene, so He/She/They has said
and keep peril at bay
and maybe he will not come
that does not excuse allegiance to this national project

Why can you not ask for more?
when the toll of defiance is so extreme
and the narration of witnesses are lies
maybe I am telling you of your past
much like the painted railways
there is no street without a window view
this sister-state to cacodemonic aspirations
has no hall markers to when we arrive at abandonment
the difference between the juxtaposition
of human armies and God
is for the peoples of strengthening injustice to decipher
like a hole through your tooth
there is only the end and nothing more
God is strongly considering intervening
that they will know only the fountains of their visual acuity

The English Channel’s Battlestar

The English Channel’s precipitate attiring moonshot typified.
Battlestar in the season of an impertinent array of soft answers
mellowing in the dust of collegial denouements like a pitcher
handled scenically and memorized where only the ghost of April falls.

Cordial Sensum of Doctored Appeal (My PhD Given to Me by God)

so many years ago now
he came from public poverty
he loved the aesthetic
he did not know it, though

as natural as a cloud of heart dust
as practical as a seeing oblisque highway
dull touch to the stranger's gate
berry mouthpiece in grantify sands
disbelief in controlling governing councils

the wasted cornerstands in cowhide sarcasm
like Saint-Simonism and authoritarianism
spread over dependents's support of labor
seeing just how well His/Her/Them mentored Ernest Becker
had control over the sailing sight of branch politics,
over praxis and tolerant obsequence; a note on in-moved stand
the music of His/Her/Them's voice under the perturbed dense movements
he's now the soil and power on the tine of a graduate of God's superseding mention

Bearing the Temporal Abrupere Vein

you were dancing to disco marches
even the approaching cop laughed like a nuisance
we were driving to drone harmonies
I moved my hands in sung ramifications
you almost crashed into the turn
she sank it all, in multiple forming stapled temples
why was I asked for her not to be there
I was mistaken about the timing, so expected
stoning the saucers of milking persuasion
I could not hear the rented moons
seeing our future in our reflections
warm memories become sand hour sadness
moving to a navigated point, sharpening

where God would take my face
warn me of station harp managing
crossing the bark of temple greeting
carving a street laid on glass in the hour
hearing tempted against the bone of wit

never believe the face of God knows the bow
broken like a crossed familial forecast
she drowned the temples in March rails
here we sew over angels combusting
nowhere is it written, or condescending
that God will visit so open, so remorsed – so equated
the subconscious signature will offer a frank door
it is not transcendental grift, but in the smell of smoke and books
rivers on partaking nos domaines, clarifying
corners and aided linear merchant notes seeing endowed fragments of lattice

Sojourned wit of the weddings of forests; adduced He/She/They not censored or transferred

There, in the everlasting joy of day
stands forests and house sweeps
looking for meaning in glass out its tribal vehicle

traitor-lasting troubadour earthen quakes carrying no leverage
thousands of pleas leave no warmth for their resting place
in the middle of sanctimonious agust ashtrays
there are stars waiting to be born, spezzare falling hearts

waiting to become vacant parlors, adroit in the Aspen of the seas
where shelves never scream of moon dust or de-mote the approaching sailor,
and on an elicit ready wedding, trailing doors rob motionless attorneys
now the women and men arrive with horses and elk to return upon the cities and towns
crying that was refuted before human judges, crystallized in dying amber trusses
once restored they will leave violators at harbors to their kin under a shell

bluffing on the tree post of all frequently fired saints
becoming a wife to the gentry of quaking sand tales
where life pods have no meaning, beyond weather in the Savannah
and the weighted balloon leaves no room for human error
and the climbing of trees break the branches on the highest reaching try
faster repercussions destroy the once bold celebration of all kinds of abuses

when the wars arrive on United States soil and rock
the destruction will leave trucks upturned, troubled concrete, poles tossed
only the slightest provocation to wedding adders, wishing and stirring
reframed constituents border on pale line of engrossed journeys
not having protected the children and tortured each summation of the violated before God

shipped in lightening posts where the grace leaves fractured July
disassembled too late for the kingdom of firefighters to bequeath stirred wells
life coaches abrupt in the thousands, never gambling, or provoked by thoughts
just this tree leaf leaving all smoking assemblies in the courts behind to get married again
dream disposed on laundry wit and counter-cash equivalent sarcophagus

I am left with a broken heart as members of clay-weighted disasters
esteem among muddy troughs in the darkened places to come
where I have asked and been told the less of less will not be allowed to hurt each other
the consequences of violent life no one should ever see or assess